THE KIMONO

A Sprightly Tale in Which the Reader Knows All About What Appears to Be a Mystery

BY JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

RODDY DRENT pawed helplessly through the unfamiliar dusk of the drawing room, reaching out along the sides of the wall for some button or dropchain, and found the piano lamp at last. The room leaped into light.

"Well! Here we are!" he breathed. "Now, the first thing, we'll go to bed," he mused.

He dragged his heavy suitcase into Bob's room, but the bed was piled with hat boxes and dressmakers' cartons. A look at little Robert's funny, painted Noah's ark bed disclosed a typewriter, raised high on a pyramid of rugs.

"Well! After all the directions, she's forgotten!" he muttered, and strolled resentfully into Sue's room.

But Sue never forgot. The room was fresh and clean, the windows open, the shades drawn. On the white counterpane, turned down to an inviting triangle, pajamas and bathrobe lay expectantly; slippers of Turkish toweling stood below. Under the bed light a novel and a magazine waited. On the pillow a note directed in Sue's unmistakable clear, square hand caught his eye.

He opened it, grinning sheepishly.

"Dear Roddy," Sue—an accomplished novelist, was able to write exactly as she talked—thus:

"I told Mrs. Waggenheimer to leave your breakfast tray all ready. There are rolls in the large box marked 'cake,' opposite the gas range, and cream and butter and fruit in the refrigerator. The coffee is all ready in the percolator on the range; all you have to do is to light the gas below it, before your bath, and it will be ready when you are. But remember to turn off the gas when you take away the percolator, won't you? Mrs. Waggenheimer will come in at 10 and clean up.

"I suppose you'll lunch downtown, but Virgie Storrs is in town and she said that unless you phoned her to the contrary, she'd expect you for dinner and scratch up some one for bridge. It's Rhinelander 3210. You don't have to change for dinner. If you need any clothes, Bob always has a change in his bureau. Leave out anything you want washed, for Mrs. Waggenheimer.

"We'll expect you on the 11:35 Friday, and if you're bringing Robert any sweets, Turkish paste is better than chocolate. If your driver is still unmended, Bob has an extra ones.

"Remember about the gas!

"SUE."

"Well, that seems to be that!" he murmured.

In the course of a comfortable breakfast he was disturbed by the sharp twanging of a bell somewhere in the apartment. He strode to the front door, but no one stood behind it. The bell twanged again, and he traced the sound to a house telephone in the rear hall. Seizing the receiver feverishly, he called, "Hello! Hello!" several times, but only a dull buzzing answered him. He fled to the telephone in the dining room, while the terrible ringing continued.

Central clicked back at him, "Number, please."

"Great heavens, where is that bell?" he demanded furiously, and strode to the back door, flinging it wide to confront a youth in uniform who extended a morning paper pacifically.

"Mrs. Drent told me to be sure you got this," said the youth.

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HE poured himself a second cup of coffee and unfolded the paper.

Again the bell—softer this time. He walked more calmly to the kitchen.

Even as he opened the door he was aware of a loud sudden bang in front of him, and a persistent bell ringing sounding at his left. At the same moment he beheld a young woman in sky-blue pajamas and high-heeled cloth-of-gold slippers. Two short, thick pigtails of honey-colored hair hung over her shoulders; her face, turned desperately toward him, was of a deathly pallor; in one hand she clutched an empty milk bottle.

As he stared at her she sank down to a kneeling position and pounded feebly against the painted metal door.

"Oh, please! Please! Won't you open!" she moaned.

Roddy coughed tentatively.

"Why don't you ring the bell?" he asked quietly.

"Nobody's there! I can't get in! Oh, please!" she besought the grim and senseless door.

"Let me send for some one," he began, but she leaped up and glared—actually glared—at him.

"Don't you dare!" she cried. "I—oh, what shall I do?"

Roddy moved forward a step.

"But somebody is bound to come up here," he said sensibly; "you can't stand here all day. Let me go and get——"

"The key's inside. You can't get in. Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Suddenly a door below closed with a metallic clang. Heavy footfalls sounded on the stone service stairs to his right. Some one was coming up!

She stopped her moans and seemed to cease to breathe, clutching at the nickel knob.

Her terror swept across the little hall and clutched him. This must not happen!

"Here!" he whispered. "Come in here! Quick!"

He pointed behind him, and she rose in one swift, smooth motion and flew into his kitchen like a bluebird. He closed the door softly just as the steps turned the landing. A moment later came the sound of glass deposited upon concrete, and the steps clattered down again.

"It's the milk!" she whispered. "I was putting the bottle out."

"Of course," he said soothingly. "It might happen to any one. Now, let's see how you can——"

The bell broke hideously on the stillness. She jumped like a rabbit.

"Oh! Who—oh! I must——" She was at the door.

"Wait a minute!" he cried. "Wait till I see. Nobody can come in, you know, unless I let them."

Hurrying to the front, he noted the receiver of the house phone, which he had left down, and hung it on its little hook. Instantly the ringing ceased.

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HURRYING back to the girl, he found her clutching the fatal milk bottle, her eyes fixed in horror on the protecting door.

"You don't think I could possibly get into your place and then let you in?" he asked persuasively.

She turned a dull eye on him.

"It's locked. How could you?" she answered briefly.

He considered.

"Look here!" he answered eagerly. "Suppose I got you something to—to wear, you know; couldn't you send for some one then? Wouldn't that be all right?"

"Oh! Could you?" she breathed.

"Easiest thing in the world! Wait a moment——" He hurried into his room and seized the bath robe from the chair, but paused, thinking.

That was a man's bath robe. Would she be wearing one, normally?

He opened a closet door, foraging with his eyes. Only an umbrella in the corner and a shapeless something depending from a hook marked it for a closet at all. He grabbed at the shadowy folds and found it a soft, all-enveloping wrapper of a dull, faded pink. He returned in triumph.

"Here," he cried. "Will this do?" She had slid her hand through the wide, flapping sleeves. Folding the robe across her, she confronted him, and became in that instant another person.

"That's very nice, thank you," she said, and calmly laid the bottle on a shelf beside her. She seized a thick braid with either hand and bound them about her head. She looked now like a Madonna, gentle, self-poised, trusting.

"Just look out a moment and see if it's all right, will you?" she asked; and Roddy peered out.

"All right," he whispered. "Just step out and ring this back bell—I would. And——"

"Yes, yes, yes," she interrupted, "I know. Close your door, please." And picking up her bottle, she glided past him.

Even as he shut the door he heard her short, sharp ring at the service elevator, and in another moment the rumble of the ascending car. Then her voice:

"Can you send somebody up with a passkey? I shut myself out."

"I got them right here, miss. Out for the milk, was you? That was too bad!"

"Yes. It was silly. I'm much obliged."

A slight rattle, a soft slam, and it was all over.

The heart-warming rise of three of his pet stocks put everything else out of Roddy's mind and sent him posthaste to a congratulatory broker. A successful evening at bridge kept him childishly happy till he fell asleep, and the morning found him feverishly assembling his odds and ends into a suit case and unexpected Bob waiting in the car outside.

Sue packed them off on a two weeks' fishing trip, from which Bob returned to her. Roddy roamed on through Canada with a chance-found college chum, and turned up in October, glad of Bob's invitation to use Robert's Noah's Ark bed for a few days while his own rooms, to be shared with the Canada chum who had grown suddenly into a partner in a new law firm, were getting settled.

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AFTER dinner the first evening Sue remarked, "I have some bills to go over—and by the way, Roddy, you old idiot, where's the bill for that kimono? I want to pay it, you know."

"Bill?" he repeated vaguely. "What bill?"

She went to her room, returning quickly with a long paper box.

"The bill for this," she said, extending it, open, so that he gazed at a rose-colored strip of silky stuff.

"What is it?" he asked blankly.

"It's mine," she admonished him, "and you were perfectly welcome to use it if you preferred it to the bathrobe I left out for you; but if you felt that you must have it cleaned, why not let me do it when I came? I send everything to a woman uptown; Renee's awfully expansive.

"'Reenee,'" he repeated; "what's that?"

"The cleaner over here," she said. "I suppose it was the nearest, so you went there. And as for having it dyed again—really, it wasn't worth it; it's an old thing."

"You're crazy, Sue!" he said. "I never saw the thing before."

"You never saw this?" she cried, and lifted it out. "You never wore it?"

"Great Scott, no!"

"Then—who did?"

"Ask me another, Sue. I never saw the thing in my life," protested Roddy.

"Then some one has been living in this apartment," she declared, solemnly. "some one who used my things and knew my name."

Roddy grinned lazily.

"Sorry I can't help you, my dear. Shall we start at those papers now, Bob?"

Clean out of cherry dreams, Roddy woke that night with a start.

"That girl!" he thought. "Those pajamas! That wrapper! Was—was that a kimono?"

He had never thought of the thing since. Of course she would feel that she had to get it back. Doubtless, she had thought this a clever way to do it—quietly, anonymously. Funny, his forgetting the whole thing so. But—but would Sue believe he had forgotten? Nonsense; she'd have to. He scowled, and slept uneasily.

SHE POUNDED FEEBLY AGAINST THE PAINTED METAL DOOR. "OH, PLEASE! PLEASE! WON'T YOU OPEN!" SHE MOANED.

HE decided, while shaving, to get it over at breakfast. But even as Sue passed him his coffee Bob began to chuckle.

"From now on, remember that anything you say may be used against you, Rod," he said. "We are on the trail. If you didn't wear the kimono, did you perhaps lend it? Think, now—but don't answer, if you don't wish to, you know. You have a right to consult your lawyer."

"Don't be any sillier than you can help, Bob," Sue warned him. "What would Roddy know about it? Today I shall go all over the place, of course. It will be easy enough to find out——"

"To find out what?" Roddy demanded, staring at her.

"To find out whether anything is missing, of course," she returned, surprise in her clear brown eyes. "Really, neither of you men quite seem to see that something very odd, to say the least, has happened in this apartment while we've been gone."

"My dear girl," Bob said, "if you mean that a burglar, male or female, entered this apartment in our absence, took off his or her clothes and put on your kimono, in order to burgle to better advantage, and having escaped with the loot, and the kimono, then cleaned and returned that—I agree with you that something very odd indeed has happened in this apartment."

Sue was a little staggered.

"Nevertheless, I shall go over things," she said.

Roddy soon lost himself in a whirl of business, dining with his partner and letting himself in late at night.

"I've been over the whole apartment and the storeroom," Sue announced, "and nothing is missing."

"Of course, not," Roddy advanced, incautiously; "so that's over and off your mind."

"It's not off my mind at all," she answered crisply. "I never really supposed they took anything."

Roddy stared.

"I'm going to work on another track now," she continued. "I'm going to Renee's and trace the thing by the date. They may remember who brought it."

Roddy walked uncomfortably to the subway. It seemed now that he'd better get hold of that girl.

Why hadn't he seen her in the hall? But, of course, her hours were not his. Sue could easily find out the date of the package's receipt by the cleaners. If that date should coincide with his visit to his apartment!

Returning at dinner time, he stooped in the hallway to pick up a lady's handkerchief, and a brilliant thought came to him.

"The young lady who lives in here dropped this, I think," he said to the hall boy. "Will you take it in to her? Or perhaps I will."

"There ain't no young lady lives there," the youth returned. "That's old Mrs. Tallmadge and the old gentleman. They're here six years. There ain't nobody else lives there."

"I see. I thought I saw her go in It was probably a visitor."

"They don't have visitors," said the boy obstinately. "He's sick all the time."

"Dear, dear," Roddy returned vaguely, and gave him the handkerchief.

There was a guest for dinner and bridge. But suddenly Sue looked up from her hand.

"Isn't it annoying," she said. "Renee's books are being checked up or something, and they can't get at them for me. Not for a week. But the girl there thinks she remembers the kimono, and a lady brought it in, she says. It was some time in the summer, she thinks—in August."

"Hard luck, Sue, but we can bear it for a week, can't we?" Roddy enjoined.

He was conscious of a deep relief. Surely he could trace that blue girl in a week.

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THE next morning he recalled that the man who had let her in with the pass key had been named Jim. Sue had repeated it to him, in case he lost his key.

"Can I see Jim a moment?" he asked of the superintendent. "He did something for me when I was here in August."

"Jim's gone, sir," the man replied politely. "He left last week. Said he'd landed a job in Boston, but I couldn't say where."

"It doesn't matter," Roddy assured him.

"I'm sorry. Your sister, she was wanting him, too, yesterday, to ask him about something."

"Ah, yes," Roddy murmured. So Sue was after him too! If she could

trace that darned kimono, he could too. And he would. Let her manage Bob; she shouldn't manage him.

He strolled carelessly down a busy avenue till he found Renee's.

"When do you think," he began conversationally, "that I can get information about a pink kimono that was left to be cleaned here for Mrs. Drent, last summer?"

The auburn-haired young lady at the desk leaned toward him, surprisingly interested in this matter.

"It's funny about that kimono," she said thoughtfully. "I took it myself—I know the article you mean; but it got put down as a 'dressing-jacket' by a new girl we had, and the slips don't correspond. I carried it in my mind, all right, and I'm sorry about the mistake. It's an overcharge, and we'll rectify it when the books get back. You're for the other party, I presume?"

"The other party?" he repeated blankly.

"Yes. Mrs. Vail, in Princeton. She got the bill for the kimono, you see. Mrs. Drent's friend got her bill, you see, but she'll be in—she stopped by yesterday to make sure it was delivered, and I wasn't here. They told her to call again. We'll collect from her, and refund Mrs. Vail. You'll get it, all right. It was our mistake."

"Ah, I see," said Roddy.

"They've each got the right goods," the young lady went on. "It's us that will lose if Mrs. Drent objects to paying the difference. It seems she didn't leave the article herself."

"No, she didn't," said Roddy.

She shot a quick glance at him.

"Oh! You know about that?"

"Yes," he answered, conscious too late of his stupidity; "yes, I do."

"Oh-o-h," she murmured thoughtfully. "I sort of thought you were from Mrs. Vail—she said her husband would be in, this morning."

"I'm not exactly for either of them," he blurted desperately; "I'm for myself. I—I want to find the person who brought in that kimono!"

The girl's eyes brightened oddly.

"Oho!" she breathed. "Some funny business, eh?"

A wild hope flashed into his mind.

"Yes, rather," he said, looking fixedly at her.

"I thought so!" she cried eagerly. "I said so to myself when she came in! You're—you're in the service?"

He scowled doubtfully.

"I couldn't help noticing your pin," she confided, glancing pointedly at his waistcoat.

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HE remembered the old yacht club emblem he had put on that morning to have packed and sent to little Robert.

"Oh—oh, yes," he stammered.

"You see, I put two and two together pretty quick," she boasted. "This Mrs. Drent, she seemed so surprised when I told her it was left in her name to be delivered to the same name, that I sort of got thinking. She pretended, you see, that she knew who left it, but I knew all the time she didn't. Why would she want the party described then? Or ask the date?"

Why, indeed?

"I just told her that we couldn't give no estimate at the time, as madam wasn't in, and I'm not allowed to, for tinting. So the lady had to come back, as she was anxious to prepay. And then, the new girl gave her the price for the dressing jacket. So she paid that. And Mrs. Vail—she's a charge customer—she got the kimono bill."

"I see. But I can't have you lose," he began gallantly, "so please let me pay the difference, won't you? You—you've been a great help."

"Oh, just you wait," she assured him, tossing her head proudly. "It's a pleasure to help out the service. She's coming in again, you see—the party that brought it—to make sure it ever got delivered."

"Oh! She is."

"That new girl told her there'd been a mix-up and that the kimono had been sent to Princeton. She was awful worried, the girl said. You see, a party named James Curry, he signed for the sup'rintendent of Mrs. Drent's apartment, and now it seems he's gone to Boston, and he signed for a dressing jacket."

Roddy's head began to whirl. He envied Jim, safe and obscure, in Boston.

"Mrs. Drent was anxious to know when the lady would come, and they told her tomorrow——"

His heart sank.

"But even a good tip won't do everything," announced Miss Redhead grandly. "You could be phoned to just as well as this Mrs. Drent, couldn't you?"

So Sue had tipped!

"Indeed, yes," he answered eagerly. "I should be eternally grateful——"

"I guess we can settle that, all right. I'll phone her that it's day after tomorrow the party's to call in, and I'll phone you the minute she calls—shall I?"

"I should appreciate it immensely," he said gravely.

"I can keep her here waiting, verify the tag number and all," she added thoughtfully, "and you can hurry up. I suppose you don't want them to meet, do you?"

"It would be much better if they didn't," he said briefly.

"I'll bet you. This Mrs. Drent would fly up and muss the whole thing. You been tracing the other party some time?"

"Quite a while."

"And I suppose if you get one, you get the whole gang, don't you?"

"It often happens," he agree conservatively."

"Well, I'll let you know. What name shall I ask for, when I call?"

"Mr.—Mr. Rodman Drent," he said coolly, and gave her his club telephone number.

She burst into a rich chuckle.

"Well, of all the cute tricks!" she said. "I guess you have to have your nerve with you, all right! You must get into some tight places, you men!"

"We do," he said.

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HE dressed himself with great care the next morning, and hurried to his club, where he sat nervously smoking for two hours.

At a telephone call from the page boy he hurried to the booth.

"Do you get me, all right?" came an eager, muffled voice. "I have to speak low. I'm in the back office. Say, what do you think's happened? They're both here!"

"For heaven's sake!"

"Now, don't get excited—I've got it all fixed up!" the voice hurried on. "The other party's in the shipping department, in the cellar! I asked her to step down to verify her goods. Mrs. Drent is out in front; I told her to wait. If you was to beat it right up here, you can manage, all right—just go in at the trade entrance around the corner. She'll be there. She thinks she's going to see the kimono, to make sure. I have to hurry—goo' by!"

Roddy hurtled down the trade entrance of Madame Renee's, a few minutes later.

"Is—is anybody here?" he called into the dimness in a cautious voice.

"No—there isn't anybody—I'm just waiting——" a vague, low answer floated out to him from behind a pile of cartons.

She sat on an empty packing case. Her face loomed palely from the shadow.

"I'm not—they're upstairs," she began, but he cut her short.

"It's me," he said abruptly. "For heaven's sake, let's get out of this, before my sister comes down! Hurry up—it's stifling in here!"

She gave a little gasp.

"Oh," she cried softly, "it's you! I have to wait here——"

"No, you don't. We've got the kimono, all right! I'll explain, when we get out," he announced jerkily. "For heaven's sake, come on!"

She rose slowly, then took his offered hand and they stumbled up the steps into the glare of the street.

"How did you know——" she panted.

"I know all about it," he interrupted. "What on earth possessed you to have the darn thing cleaned?"

"I certainly wouldn't do anything else," she returned haughtily. "How did you suppose I could get it back?"

"Well," he said, "my sister is determined to find out about it and I—we've got to fix it, somehow."

"Goodness, yes," she sighed. "Isn't it ghastly? I never thought——"

"Nor I."

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"She's scared," he thought. "Oh, anywhere we can talk it over," he said soothingly. "I'm sure we can head my sister off. It was her kimono, you know. Don't look up—I mean, keep steady, you know, I'm afraid here's my sister now."

He drew a long breath and raised his hat.

"OH!" SHE BREATHED. "SOME FUNNY BUSINESS, EH? YOU'RE —YOU'RE IN THE SERVICE?"

"Morning, Sue," he saluted her heerfully.

"Hello, Roddy," she responded, and they passed.

He glanced at his companion. She was looking easily ahead with a vague, polite smile. A good sport!

They walked on in silence. At the door of an inviting tea room he halted.

"Suppose we stop in here," he suggested. "I'm perfectly hollow. This escaping criminal business is an awful strain."

"I suppose we might," she agreed. "I had to catch a train. I didn't have much breakfast."

Seated opposite each other they drew long breaths, then burst at the same moment into uncontrollable laughter.

"You certainly are a good sport, Miss—Miss Tallmadge," he remembered.

"My name is Wyckoff. Granny Tallmadge is my great-aunt," she corrected. "I had just come in from Cincinnati and she let me stay in her apartment two or three days. That was how—of course, there were no servants there."

"Of course. The same with me. Now I've got it all arranged with that red-haired girl and I think she will help us through. It's the dates, unfortunately, that I'm afraid we can't help my sister knowing, and that's——"

"Oh, I know. But she can't possibly——"

"She's terribly clever. She writes books," he interrupted gloomily. "I'll see what she's found out today and let you know tomorrow. Where can I see you?"

"I'm stopping with Granny. I came in from the country this morning. But do you think you ought to —right next door, you know——"

"Pooh!" he answered daringly. "What of it? Sue never saw you before. I'll tell her I'm coming in to call."

By the end of the long luncheon it seemed that they had always known each other.

"Who's your good-looking friend?" Sue inquired frankly at dinner. "Do I know her?"

"I don't believe so," he said easily. "She's a Miss Sally Wyckoff from Cincinnati. She's staying in this apartment house with her grandmother or something—old Mrs. Tallmadge."

"Oh," said his sister-in-law. "Have you known her long?"

"I haven't seen her for a long time," he replied smoothly; "she seems older. I'm going in for tea tomorrow."

"That's good," said Sue. "They won't do a thing for me at Renee's till they get the books back. I think I'll write to the manager."

She eyed him curiously.

"Why don't you?" he agreed easily

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GRANNY TALLMADGE expressed a lively interest in "all Sally's beaux." The girl picked them up in every city, it seemed. This vexed Roddy a little; he had thought to have discovered her.

They went to the first concert of the season, and after that to the Metropolitan Museum. His new rooms were ready, but little Robert was still away, and he still slept in the Noah's Ark bed; why not?

"Would you like me to call on Miss Wyckoff?" Sue suggested one day during the next week.

Roddy found himself, under her laughing eyes, answering doggedly: "I think it would be fine. I wish you would!"

Later Sally was asked in, alone, for bridge, and Bob, having escorted her three feet across the hall, returned, smiling.

"Well, Rod, I like your girl!" he announced jovially.

His girl! That was what she was, always had been! His girl!

When granny had excused herself early, an evening or two after, to attend to Greatuncle Tallmadge, Roddy knew that he intended to tell her. But Sally discoursed delightfully upon his sister-in-law's books. He couldn't seem to get away from them.

"It was so kind of her to call," she said. "I like Mrs. Drent so much."

"And she likes you," he said eagerly. "She told me so yesterday. Of course she'd come."

"Of course?' Why?"

She turned amused eyes on him.

"For goodness" sake, why wouldn't she? She knows perfectly well."

"She knows——"

He walked quickly to the big chair where she sat, and seized her hand.

"Why—you—you do, don't you?" he asked huskily. "You—you will, won't you?"

For the second time he saw her chalky white, but she smiled.

"If—if you want me to—I will," she said.

Since either Roddy or his partner must go to London for a few weeks Sally and he decided to call the voyage a honeymoon, and now he must exclaim at a new present every day.

But one evening she brought him a beautiful lacquered box, long and flat.

"Look!" she said.

He opened it and lifted out, gingerly, a mass of quaint, embroidered, faint-smelling silk. Dragons of blue and dull gold sprawled over it.

"Why, it's a Chinese coat!" he said innocently. "Who sent it? It's stunning."

"Your sister sent it," she answered. "It's a kimono!"

"For Pete's sake!" he gasped. Then he grinned. "It's a wonder she didn't send you pajamas!"

(Copyright, 1923.)

Ann Royall's Ducking-Stool

BY C. Q. WRIGHT

IN 1829, at the request of the city authorities, the Secretary of the Navy ordered Commodore Hull, commandant of the navy yard at Washington, to have constructed a ducking-stool. It would be interesting to know who furnished the pattern for this stool, if it was made to pattern, and, if not, whose ingenious brain devised it. When finished, it was exhibited before the District court, over which then presided Judge Cranch, during the trial of Mrs. Ann Royal, who was charged with being a common schold.

Mrs. Royall was a noted character in her day, in and about Washington, where she succeeded in making herself something of a "terror" to representatives and senators, as well as the "cliff dwellers" generally. She had been a great traveler, mostly afoot, and life in the city had proven arduous and tragic, so that, as age advanced, her acidity and bitterness appeared to increase, till many declared her a nuisance, while others demanded her suppression.

Perley says of her, "Mrs. Ann Royall • • • managed to possess herself of an old press and some worn type, and got out a weekly sheet which she called the Huntress." But it should be said, in the interest of accuracy, that Mrs. Royall's first paper here was the Paul Pry (1831-1836), which she began publishing some time after her trial before Judge Cranch as a common scold, and in which she described, in rather broad humor, her experiences before the court, where she came so near to a cold plunge in the Potomac.

After describing her method of obtaining money from prominent people, who were, mostly, afraid to offend her, Perley continues:

"From a plump, rather handsome woman in the earlier days, she had become thin and sharp of face, with a protruding nose and penetrating black eyes, and busy, bitter tongue. John Quincy Adams described her as 'going about like a virgo-errant in enchanted armor, redeeming herself from the cramps of indigence by the notoriety of her eccentricities and the forced currency they gave to her publications.

"Mrs. Royall's tongue at last became so unendurable that she was indicted by the grand jury as a common scold, and was tried in the Circuit Court before Judge Cranch, who in charging the jury, showed that if found guilty she must be ducked in accordance with the English law in force in the District. The jury found her guilty, but her counsel begged the judge to weigh the matter, and not to be the first to introduce the ducking-stool as an instrument of punishment in the District of Columbia. At last the plea prevailed, and she was let off with a fine"—of only $10.

Whether this experience softened her tongue is not recorded, but it appears to have revived and sharpened her pen, to say the least. Her biographer says:

"In the year 1829, at the Capital city of the nation, whose birth she had just witnessed, old Ann Royall was arrested, tried, and convicted on the charge of being a common scold. As nearly as can be found out at this distance of time, two chief instigators of the arrest were clergymen—who figured, not greatly to their credit, in the Eaton or Peggy O'Neal scandal which broke up Jackson's cabinet. Pretext for concerted action was found in the unpleasant relations which existed between Mrs. Royall and a small congregation which worshipped, almost contiuously night and day, in the engine-house near her dwelling.

"Ann Royall is the only person ever tried in the United states on the charge of being a common scold. A formal complaint against her was entered. She was called before the District authorities and examined. No law being found by which the alleged offense could be punished, the case was dismissed. Then a mighty howl went up from the prosecutors. Immense though hidden pressure was brought to bear upon the judges. The result was '——a law was found, and she was brought to trial.'

"The formal report of Chief Justice Cranch to the Supreme Court in the case of the United States against Ann Royall sets forth: 'The general understanding of the English law was that ducking was the only legal punishment for the offense.' A model of a ducking stool was exhibited.

"Judge Cranch balked at ducking Mrs. Royall. Therefore, the statutes were ransacked to find authority to impose a fine or imprisonment. • • • The three counts in the indictment were: (1) A public nuisance; (2), a common brawler; (3) a common scold; but the first two were dismissed. The courtroom was crowded from day to day. The prosecution offered twelve witnesses, including Mr. Watterston, librarian of Congress, and others of prominence. Of the defense, Mrs. Royall herself wrote in her paper, the Huntress: 'I had but few witnesses, knowing how it would all end—Secretary Eaton and a few ladies.'"—Miss Porter.

It transpired that the jury was made up of citizens of Bladensburg, and when they found her guilty, Mrs. Royall states that she requested the marshal that at her next trial he would "summon twelve tom-cats instead of Bladensburg men." She abused the judges and witnesses without mercy or discretion.

Miss Porter says, 1906 proceedings Columbia Hist. Soc., p. 1, "In overflowing measure, ridicule, injustice and vilifying persecution were poured upon Ann Royall while she yet walked upon earth—the most widely known woman of her day and country. Dead, she has been long forgotten. Nine readers out of ten, seeing her name in print, will ask, 'Who was Ann Royall?' Even in the city of Washington, the scene of her greatest and longest activities, Mrs. Royall is thought of by the few who think of her at all, as a shrill tongued old infidel, beggar and blackmailer, who, convicted by a jury of being a common scold, narrowly escaped an official ducking in the Potomac river." And Miss Porter thinks she was far less black than painted by her cotemporaries.

Mrs. Royall traveled extensively, often on foot, before and after settling in Washington to live, and she published in all ten volumes of "Travels in the United States." For a quarter of a century, after establishing herself in the Capital, she published her weekly—first, Paul Pry, 1835-6; then the Huntress, 1836-54. Her place of residence and publication in Washington was always "on the hill," and most of the time she resided, worked and finally died at a small house on B near 2nd, now included within the grounds of the Library of Congress. She had come to Washington to prosecute a claim, as heir of a soldier of the revolution, for a pension, which claim was, after many weary years of delay, finally worked through Congress largely by the kindly initiative of an Illinois member—long, lank Abe Lincoln—while he was serving as a member of Congress. Mrs. Royall died (at an advanced age nearly ninety), and lies buried in the Congressional cemetery, in an unmarked grave.

Probably the model of a ducking stool, made by Commodore Hull's "joiners" was patterned after a boatswain's chair, with ropes inserted through each corner of the seat and secured with a knot, and used with a boom to lift people out of or into boats when the sea is too rough for coming alongside a ship; but this is only conjecture. Whatever the model, it would be vastly interesting now to see it. Probably it was cast out upon the scrap heap, or, possibly, it lies hidden away in some government lumber loft or deep in the ancient archives of the District courts.

Food Portions of Equal Fuel Value in Pictures

FOR the guidance of teachers, mothers and home economic workers in scientific food selection, a chart has been prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture, which shows in the series of twenty pictures just how a portion of food containing 100 calories looks on a plate. In this way there is ready visual comparison between familiar foods commonly appearing upon the American table, showing their relative fuel value.

This chart was prepared by the bureau of home economics and is intended to furnish aid in the economical and correct selection of food for the family.

Housewives of today are learning to choose, think of and purchase their foods in terms of calories or fuel value, rather than by pounds or quarts. Each will realize, of course, that she must take into consideration other factors as well as calories in determining the best diet for her family.

A 100-calorie portion is shown in each case for potatoes, apples, cereal, milk, prunes, carrots, cheese, bread, butter, peas, roast beef, canned salmon, candy, eggs, cream, loaf sugar, tomatoes, granulated sugar, cooked bacon, in terms of ordinary household measurements and of quantities commonly purchased, as follows:

Potatoes, one medium sized, five ounces, three such portions to the pound.

Apples, one large, eight ounces, two such portions to the pound.

Flaked or puffed cereal, one and a quarter cups, one ounce, sixteen such portions to the pound.

Carrots, eight ounces, two such portions to the pound.

Cheese, one and one-half cubic inches, four-fifths ounces, twenty such portions to the pound.

Bread, one thick slice, one and one-third ounces, 12 such portions to the pound.

Medium fat roast beef, one small slice, one and one-half ounce, eight such portions and 200 calorie portions of cooked-out fat to the pound, raw.

Canned salmon, one-half cup, scant, two and one-half ounces, six such portions to the pound.

Candy, three small pieces, nearly one ounce, eighteen such portions to the pound.

Cream, one-quarter cup, two ounces, eight such portions to the pint.

Loaf sugar, five half pieces, nearly one ounce, sixteen such portions to the pound.

Tomatoes, one pound.

Milk, two-thirds cup, one-third pint, six such portions to the quart.

Prunes, three large, one and one-half ounces, eleven such portions to the pound.

Butter, one cubic inch, nearly one-half ounce, thirty-four such portions to the pound.

Peas, one-half cup, three and one-half ounces, two such portions to the pound of unshelled peas.

Boiled rice, three-fourths cup, four ounces, sixteen such portions to the pound, raw.

Eggs, one and one-third medium, two and one-half ounces, nine such portions to the dozen.

Granulated sugar, one and three-fourths level tablespoonfuls, nearly one ounce, eighteen such portions to the pound.

Cooked bacon, two small slices, three-fourths of an ounce, sixteen such portions and 900 calorie portions of fried-out fat to the pound, raw.